

Sunshowers by theamiableanachronism

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Summary:

El's and Mike's tradition of breakfast on Saturday mornings is graced with a meteorological phenomenon.

Sunshowers

Imagine that after El gets back it becomes a tradition that every Saturday morning, Mike will bike over to the Byers house to pick El up and take her on a bike ride through the neighborhood, eventually winding up back at his house where they make breakfast together. When El gets her own bike, they still do it, the only difference being them riding alongside each other, sometimes even racing each other down the quiet streets until they're completely out of breath from giggling and pedaling and something completely different that only happens when they see each other smile.

Imagine that one morning after a night of rain, the sky is still spotted with big grey clouds but Mike still rolls up to the house at 9 AM sharp and as always, El is out the door before he even makes it to the porch. Not that she'd ever tell him, but she's never able to sleep before these Saturdays and if she does at all, she ends up awake three hours ahead of time because the excitement of seeing him is just too much, the kind that bubbles in her chest and makes her whole body feel like it's buzzing as she waits impatiently for the clock to read 9:00. Not that he'd ever tell her, but he goes through exactly the same ritual.

So they meet each other on the porch, breathless (from the morning chill, of course) and smiling wide-eyed in excitement and anticipation.

They get on their bikes and set off, hoping they'll make it to Mike's house before it starts to rain again, speeding through every puddle they see until their shoes and pant legs up to the knee are soaked from the spray.

The rain starts to fall just as they open his front door. They take off their water-logged shoes by the door, plodding in damp sock feet to the coat closet where they hang up their hoodies and jackets and from there into the kitchen. Like clockwork, Mike takes the carton of orange juice out of the fridge and then moves aside to let El get into the freezer to take out the Eggos. He gets two cups and two plates out of the cupboard as El loads four Eggos into the toaster, pushing the button down with a ka-chunk. Meanwhile, Mike pours them each a glass of orange juice and hands El hers where she is leaning on the counter, looking impatiently down into the toaster. As always, Mike catches himself staring lovingly at her focused face, blushes, and

busies himself with drinking his orange juice. El smiles up at him and he nearly chokes.

Imagine that that rain that has so far been falling peacefully suddenly turns into a downpour. Mike and El lock eyes in astonishment and run to the front door, throwing it open to watch the sheets of water cascading down from the sky, completely dousing everything in sight. But then imagine that a cloud moves and suddenly this torrential downpour is set almost aflame with the sparkling white light of the morning sun.

Mike and El watch open-mouthed.

“What is happening?” El breathes.

“I don’t know! I’ve only seen it happen once and it was a really long time ago,” Mike responds, just as breathless from the sheer astonishment. El watches Mike, distracted from the spectacular phenomenon in front of her by the huge grin on his face and the way his eyes are lit up and sparkling and how he is so quick to try and explain something that he doesn’t even know just because she asked and how glad she is to have him here.

They watch the sky and then -

“El, look!”

The sky is split by a long thin arch - a rainbow - and she is so mesmerized she almost doesn’t notice Mike reflexively grabbing her hand.

Almost.

He points up at the sky with his free hand. “Isn’t this amazing, El?”

She grins from ear-to-ear. “It IS amazing!”

Then he looks down at their hands and lets go with an embarrassed “Sorry” but she grabs it again, holding tightly so he can’t pull away, something that doesn’t seem likely from the way he blushes and smiles at her, making her feel just the slightest bit light-headed.

They watch the rainbow and the sunshower for a few more minutes until -

“Is something burning?” Mike asks, frowning.

Their eyes lock in terror.

“The Eggos!” they cry in unison before dropping their hands and running inside, slamming the door shut behind them.

Mike frantically presses the button on the toaster until four nearly black Eggos pop up.

They look up at each other and groan in disappointment.

El takes them out before Mike can protest and quickly drops them

into the garbage, blowing on her fingers to cool them after handling the hot Eggos. Mike winces in sympathy and hands her a cold glass of orange juice for her to wrap her singed fingers around as he takes four new Eggos out of their box and puts them into the toaster.

They drink their juice, keeping a close eye on the toaster, and eventually the Eggos pop up, golden-brown, after a few minutes.

Mike takes El's empty glass so she can put the waffles on their plates while he turns away to refill their glasses with more juice.

She finishes, a quicker job than he expects, and waits by his shoulder, so close that he can feel her breath on his neck, which somehow makes his hands forget how to hold a carton of orange juice. It tips too far into the glass, knocking it and the other completely full glass off the counter, sending the contents flying all over the both of them.

Mike freezes, and then turns to a surprised El, a panicked apology waiting on his lips, but her shoulders start to shake and her eyes squeeze shut as she starts to LAUGH. He stares, surprised (and relieved) that she isn't mad while at the same time completely mesmerized by the sound of her laughter, which is so contagious (and beautiful, he marvels) that he finds himself starting too. They can't seem to stop, because each time it starts to die down, they look at each other, covered in juice, and they start up again until soon, they're doubled over, clutching their stomachs and leaning on the counter for support.

Even when Mrs. Wheeler comes downstairs, hurriedly tying on her robe and asking what that burning smell is, they can't stop, covering their mouths in an effort to muffle the giggles pouring out of them.

Mrs. Wheeler gives them dishtowels to clean up and then leaves to find them dry shirts.

Crouching on the floor, sopping up juice, they smile at each other and choke down another round of giggles, looking away and trying to ignore the blushing that's never too far away when they're together.